

WEATHER REPORT
Generally fair tonight and Tuesday; slightly warmer tonight.

Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS, ALL THE
TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A
DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD
—CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2, NO. 187.

GREENCASLE, INDIANA. MONDAY, NOV. 4, 1907.

PRICE ONE CENT.

THE FIRST FROM CLINTON

Township Gets in Line for Gravel Road Improvement and Files Four Petitions before Commissioners.

LIQUOR LICENSES ARE GRANTED

The County Commissioners were in session today for the regular business of the November sitting. Outside of the claims to be acted upon the most important matters before the commissioners were petitions for liquor licenses and petitions for gravel road improvements. Licenses were granted to J. D. Ash, to run for one year from Nov. 7; to John T. Maloney, to run for one year from Nov. 4; and to Albert Grubb to run for one year from Nov. 8.

The gravel road petitions were in a way new. For the first time Clinton township has begun to ask for road. Petitions under the name of Wesley Flint, S. H. Judy, Franklin Vermillion and J. A. Brackney were presented. Proof of publication and

THE WEAVERS

By Gilbert Parker.

May be truly called a great novel. Its scenes laid in rural England and Mohammedan Egypt. The Weavers presents a story intensely human; a story of love, high resolve and wonderful achievements by the sturdy hero of Quaker blood—and outcasts in interest its predecessor "The Right of Way."

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posting notices was filed and engineers and viewers were ordered appointed. This is the beginning of the work in Clinton, and the township can, under the law, build practically \$40,000 of roads before the debt limit is reached.

The J. H. Strain and E. L. Herbert roads in Washington townships were continued.

The commissioners also considered the question of the bond that should be given by the County Treasurer. It was ordered that on and after Dec. 1st the bond of the treasurer of Putnam county should be \$50,000. The bond required at present is \$250,000.

The J. P. Aker remonstrance against license in Washington township was acted upon. No licenses are to be granted for two years.

LONG SERVICE FOR AUDITOR

November 1st Was Anniversary of C. C. Hurst's Initiation into Court House Work Twenty-One Years Ago.

On November 1st Auditor C. C. Hurst paused long enough in his duties to remember that it was an anniversary, the anniversary of the day he began work in the Putnam county court house. It was twenty-one years ago that he was initiated into the service of the county, and right faithfully has he continued in the work much of the period since. When he leaves the office of Auditor the first of the year he will have closed eleven years of active service in Putnam. Perhaps but one other man, J. L. Randel, can show a longer tenure of office, and no one has served more creditably or more to the satisfaction of the citizens of the county.

HE RESISTED AN OFFICER

WHEN ZACK HAYS ATTEMPTED TO RESCUE HIS "PAL," WHO WAS BEING LED TO JAIL BY THE OFFICER, MARSHAL REEVES LET THE "PAL" GO AND TOOK THE "RELIEF PARTY" IN HIS STEAD.

FINED \$20.00 BY THE MAYOR

Trouble Which Started in a Fight and Ended in the Arrest of One of the Combatants, Who Afterwards Was Released by the Arresting Officer so That He Might Arrest Another Who Had Volunteered to Assist the First Man Arrested, Ended in Zack Hays Being Fined \$20 by the Mayor This Morning.

The trouble started Saturday night on the north side when Jim Christenberry and Chas. Wright had a fight. The former ran when he saw an officer approaching. Marshal Reeves, the officer, ran the fugitive and caught him after a block's chase.

After the officer started to jail with Christenberry, Zack Hays, a "pal" of the prisoner, took a hand in the affair and said he would not allow the Marshal to take his prisoner to jail. He ran up behind Reeves and took hold of him. Reeves then turned Christenberry loose and arrested Hays.

This morning Hays charged with resisting an officer, with assault and with intoxication. He pleaded guilty to assault and was fined \$20. The other two charges are being held against him. Christenberry, was not taken to jail, but today he went to the Mayor's office and paid a fine for intoxication.

OVERLOOK FEDERATION RULE

Mrs. Eva O'Hair of Greencastle Is Made Member of Board of Directors.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Federation of Clubs, yesterday, it was discovered that in the election of officers, one of the rules of the organization had been overlooked—that against having two officers from the same place. Two members of the board of directors for that reason were ineligible, and in the rearrangement, the names of those coming first in the list were retained and new ones were chosen for the two officers ineligible. Of Miss Sabra Ann Fralick and Mrs. Ryell T. Miller, both of South Bend Mrs. Miller was dropped, and Mrs. Eva O'Hair, of Greencastle, was substituted, and of Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke and Mrs. A. J. Clark, both of Indianapolis. Mrs. A. J. Clark was retired and Mrs. Julian Conklin, of Westfield, was chosen. The convention next year will be held in Indianapolis.—Indianapolis News.

ONE POWDER MILL IS LEFT

Explosive Still Manufactured in Clay County in Large Quantities at Excellent Plant.

Very few people are aware that the Fontanet mill which blew up two weeks ago is not the only plant in Clay county for the manufacture of powder. The mill at Fontanet was about two miles from the Clay county line and about nine miles from Brazil, but there is another big powder mill in the very edge of Clay county, but it is about thirty miles from the city.

This plant is owned by the United States Powder company and is located within less than a mile of Coal-mont in the southwest corner of Clay county. The plant turns out 1,000 25-pound kegs of powder daily and employs about fifty skilled workmen. The company was organized about four years ago and the plant has been in operation since that time and has not had a serious accident.

Bert Sarchett, of Brazil, is the superintendent of the plant and lives within a short distance of the powder mills. The Jasonville Leader says of the Coalmont powder mill:

There are more than twenty buildings located on the tract of 160 acres which the company owns. The buildings are all painted black and the passer-by involuntarily considers the proper selection in color had been made for one gets the idea that the buildings are mourning in advance of what is liable to happen any day, and what beyond a doubt, will happen some day.

The main building of the plant is the power-house, an up-to-date electric plant. Immense dynamos furnish power for the various powder making machinery in the different buildings. From the engine room the engine room steam is driven through pipes to the various buildings in order that the process of powder-making are carried on may be kept at the proper temperature.

While there is danger everywhere the workmen realize it and nothing is left undone to prevent accidents.

A workman on being asked if he thought his job a dangerous one replied that he did not consider it nearly so dangerous as working in a coal mine, and the wages paid are about the same in the two lines of work.

Within 100 yards of the mill there is a group of four or five houses, and Superintendent Sarchett resides in a house on the company's property, the front of which is used as the office of the company. This building is within thirty paces of one of the mills. Coalmont is but a short mile away, the town stretching out toward the powder mills, and midway between Coalmont and the mills there is a small settlement of houses surrounding a roadside store. It would perhaps not cause destruction at Coalmont should the thing let loose as there is not the supply of powder kept on hand as there was at Fontanet, yet most people would prefer to have two or three miles between them and a powder mill when it does explode.—Brazil Democrat.

POLICE COURT DOINGS

Roscoe Yapp, a minor, was arrested Saturday night for intoxication. Yapp was making things hum on the northwest corner of the square when taken into custody. This morning he was fined \$15. He went to jail to serve out the sentence.

Steve Hoskett was another who was given \$15 by the Mayor this morning for intoxication. He, too, was arrested Saturday night. Hoskett now is in jail serving out his sentence.

WILL SPEAK IN CINCINNATI

Dr. McGaughey on the Program of the Big Four Railroad Surgeons' Association Next Thursday.

On Thursday, November 7, Dr. W. M. McGaughey will go to Cincinnati to attend the thirteenth annual meeting of the Association of Big Four Railroad Surgeons. The meeting will be held at the Hotel Havlin, and an excellent program and most enjoyable time is anticipated. A number of medical problems will be discussed by surgeons of the association, there being, according to the program, ten speakers to take part. Dr. McGaughey will represent this part of Indiana upon the program, and will speak upon the subject, "Observations on the Management of Emergency Cases."

OFF FOR CRAWFORDSVILLE

Noon Train Carries Two Hundred and Eighteen Enthusiastic Rooters North for DePaw Wash Game.

MANY CITIZENS IN THE CROWD

DePaw went to Crawfordsville this afternoon to win. The team was in excellent condition, the crowd of rooters large and enthusiastic, and confidence at the highest. The noon train took two hundred and eighteen persons to Crawfordsville, most of the number being students. An unusually large number of citizens went, however, lured by the prospects of an excellent and hard fought game. The train was late and did not leave Greencastle till 1 o'clock, so that it is probable that the game may begin late.

Report from Crawfordsville at the Herald office at twenty minutes after three stated that the score was 6 to 4 in favor of Wabash. DePaw scored first on place kick, then Wabash scored safety and kick.

This remained the score at the end of the first half.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Gleanings from the Superintendent's Report for the Second Month.

The schedule to follow contains by schools the per cent. of attendance, the per cent. of pupils neither tardy nor absent, and the tardy record.

School	Attend	Punct	Tardy
City Schools	97.3	61.3	40.47
High School	97.9	69.5	1.3
First Year	98	66.7	1.3
Second Year	98.5	85.3	0.0
Third Year	96.3	60.7	0.0
Fourth Year	98	64.1	0.0
Dist. No. 1	97.1	50	5.5
Gr. 8 & 7	98.9	70	1.1
Gr. 6 & 5	96.6	57.2	1.1
Gr. 4 & 3	97	50	0.0
Gr. 2 & 1	96.1	34	3.3
Dist. No. 2	97.6	67.1	16.21
Gr. 8 & 7	98.4	80.5	3.3
Gr. 6 & 5	98	75	4.5
Gr. 4 & 3	96	52.5	3.5
Gr. 2 & 1	97.9	62.2	6.8
Dist. No. 3	96.4	57.8	18.18
Gr. 8 & 7	97.3	66.5	3.3
Gr. 6 & 5	96.4	55	4.4
Gr. 4 & 3	96.5	63.8	5.5
Gr. 2 & 1	96.3	50	6.6

Miss Jordan's room, the sevens and eights of District No. 1 seem to have the "best of the argument." They will hold the picture next month. The sevens did the most to earn it, their record being, 99 per cent. 76.2 per cent. and 0.0, respectively. The fifth and sixth grades of Dist No. 2 held the picture last month. They put up a fine fight for its retention. The sixth' per cent. of attendance was 99.3. The

victors, will see that there are a number of rooms that they will have to reckon with.

Severe sickness and death of relatives of pupils broke in upon the attendance in some buildings. Colds among the younger children worked the same disadvantage. However, the record is a very good one.

REELSVILLE TO BE DRY

County Commissioners Act upon Remonstrance Which Has a Majority of One Hundred and Seven Names.

A remonstrance from Washington township was before the County Commissioners this morning and was acted upon which will make Reelsville dry within the year. The remonstrance had a majority of 107 of the voters of the township, and makes it impossible for any one to start a saloon or get license for two years. The existing licenses will run out within the year, so that Reelsville will have one year and more of drouth, even should the remonstrance fail two years from now. M. G. Gorton, Mort Smith, and John Kissler were active in circulating the remonstrance.

PURCHASES BUILDING

Charles Broadstreet today purchased the building an east Washington street, in which his grocery is located, from Elijah Grantham. The consideration was in the neighborhood of \$4,000.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—

Theodore Crawley announces that he will be a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary. tD tW

Don't forget to read the inside pages, rich in local news and interesting advertising.

A JAIL FULL OF DRUNKS

Saturday Was a Busy Day for the Police. Were Kept Busy Taking Obnoxious Persons to the bastle.

Saturday was a busy day for the police. Every little while one of the officers would find an intoxicated man and take him to jail. Both the afternoon and night were busy ones for the police and Sunday morning the jail was full. Several railroad laborers who were picked up and only those who had been specially noisy or troublesome were slated for trial.

FOUGHT AT MANILA

Mahland Cline, of Huntington, who is doing some work on the heating plant at the D. K. E. house, has had a hand in the making of history. Mr. Cline was with Dewey in the famous battle of Manila Bay. Not only was he with him there, he was with him some time before and after the battle. He was a member of the crew of the Concord, enlisting in the navy in 1893. He was mustered out and honorably discharged in 1900.

Mr. Cline has many stories at hand of things seen during the stirring days of the war with Spain, and is an interesting teller of these stories.

Sunday Papers

All customers getting Sunday papers please pay the boy when he delivers your paper. I sell the papers to the boy and he sells them to you. Sunday papers for sale at my store and at Badger & Green's.

S. C. Sayers

Phone 388

MOVING PICTURES

AT EVANS' HALL

The Man of Straw Cock Fighting in Seville
The Bewitched Traveller Fatal Sneeze

—ALL COMIC—

SONG: "When Autumn Leaves are Falling"
PRICES: Children 5c, Adults 10c

E. B. LYNCH

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GREENCASLE, IND.

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Original Hot-Blast Florence

Absolutely alone in its class. A heater that gives more heat from less coal than any other—one which is so constructed that it "lasts longer."

THREE SIZES
\$20--\$24--\$26
A GUARANTEED HEATER

Ranges and other stoves which cannot be surpassed. Come in and see them.

BICKNELL HARDWARE CO.

Phone 214

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THE RAINCOAT GAME

You can play the raincoat game with us any day.

Great game when you play it here; everybody wins, nobody loses.

You get a Hart Schaffner & Marx raincoat, always a prize; all wool. We get a satisfied customer.

Come in; every day's our busy day; glad to see you.

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THE MODEL CLOTHING COMPANY

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent to any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

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FEAR THEMSELVES.

Late dispatches from Washington state that Wall street is about to ask that a special session of congress be called at once to enact legislation governing American finance. Naturally, from all that has been said, it would be expected that the legislation called for would be some thing in favor of the trusts. But not so. They ask for restraining legislation. The dispatch says: These laws are asked for at this time to avert what has been represented as the most dangerous situation which has confronted the country during an extended historic period—that is, the seeming growing lack of confidence based on known irregularities in business methods in some quarters and no sure and speedy means of separating the good from the unsound.

The "captains of finance" are beginning to realize that the people are awake. They are confident, in their own hearts, that past methods will no longer do in the business world. They fear each other, however, fear that of themselves they will not be able to be honest—fear they will not be able to convince the

ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

For Sheriff—

Edward H. Elteljorg wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Treasurer—

Henry H. Runyan, of Jefferson Township, wishes to announce his candidacy for the nomination for Treasurer of Putnam County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Edmund B. Lynch, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of Putnam County. He asks the support of the Democrats in the coming primary.

For Sheriff—

Theodore Boes is a candidate for nomination to the Office of Sheriff of Putnam county at the coming Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

Powell S. Brasier of Greencastle wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Putnam county.

For Commissioner, Third District—
W. M. Moser, of Jefferson township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third District.

For Commissioner, Third District—
I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the Democratic Primary. Alcaney Farmer.

For Treasurer—

Jasper Miller, of Monroe township, announces that he is a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary.

For Treasurer—

James H. Hurst wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Dr. R. J. Gillespie, of Greencastle township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for Coroner subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

F. M. Stoube, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner Third District—
Ed. Houck, of Washington township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for county commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

public that are honest. They, therefore wish the government to step in and compel honesty, and thereby compel public confidence. Likewise they fear that the next elections will place Democrats, friends of the people, in the place where laws for the people will be enacted, and they desire to forestall radical action.

WHERE IS THE GOLD BRICK

People Want Their Fakes Back—
They Lost Dearly but They Were Enjoyed and Proved Highly Entertaining.

NOTHING DOING IN BUNCO GAME

What has become of the fellow with the little walnut shells and the elusive pea? It used to be, no county fair was complete without him, and he trimmed the suckers in a way to make them sore and poor for months afterward.

And then there was the fellow who had purchased a gold brick from an Indian and would sell it for a fraction of its value. And there was an opportunity for an occasional dyer in green goods that appealed to the good country deacon and the farmer alike.

Don't forget the man who came to town and got a job in a barber shop. He developed speed. Whoopie how that fellow could run. He defeated the village champion. Then he licked the best there was in the county. Folks swore by him. Fastest man in the whole county.

And later along came another man who thought he could run some, and wanted to get up a match. How natural to seek the barber spinter. Why shouldn't the town people bet their spare cash and watches and hay rakes and horses and coming crops and suspenders on the man they knew could run. And the stranger ran like a scared cat, and was just a little bit too fast for the home champion.

After the clean up, and far away the barber, who seemed like a friend and was a villain, and the stranger divided the pot, and then the thing was done over again in some other town.

Fine business. But there is little of it now. We do not even get good fun out of our swindling now. The bit of roguery that would coax money out of the pockets ten years ago is dead today. Now the thief assumes the guise of business. Scoundrels there are and more of them than ever before. But theirs is not the vulgar way of the pickpocket or burglar. Porch climbing is coarse. The same class of men who robbed the people in the years ago now do it in a more dignified way. They organize corporations, ask for franchises of various kinds; plan great improvements with the sole idea of rearing structures that will carry bond issues for a time and not collapse until the promoters are out of town.

It is far more profitable than dispensing gold bricks, and not half so dangerous. It has entrapped the confiding, robbed the widow and the orphan, peopled poor houses, but it is business.

Give us back our fakes. We paid dearly, but we enjoyed them; there was at least entertainment in their rascality, and it hurts to be robbed by men who wear the livery of business.

BELLE UNION.

We have had some very fine rain in the last few days.

Aunt Phebe Woods is staying at Dick McCammack's this week.

Edgar Hurst is no better at this writing, he probably has the fever.

Hill and Co. went to Brazil and Texas to look after a corn shredder, but have not returned yet.

Miss Dorsett is on the poorly list, but not very serious yet as she is not confined to her bed more than half the time.

Forest Hurst and family visited Frank Dorsett and family last Sunday.

There were several out at meeting last Sunday and Sunday night at the Valley.

Miss Dorsett has postponed her visit to Martinsville for the present on account of sickness.

Wheat is looking fine since the rain.

Frank Hurst was seen on our streets last Sunday on his way to bill his appointment at Brunerstown, east of our little city about nine miles.

O. J. Larkin shipped a load of hogs last Saturday.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

WORKING IN A "TUBE"

Remarkable Experience In a Lock In Compressed Air.

AT FORTY POUNDS PRESSURE

The Way It Feels When the Valve Is First Opened and the Chamber Fills With the Rushing Air and Fog. Why You Don't Collapse or Explode.

As the lockkeeper turns the valve, writes A. W. Rolker in Appleton's Magazine, there is a scalp raising scream as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam, and as the rushing air expands it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wilder and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drones and your eyes and eardrums and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your eardrums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear, and two big fingers seem to push the wads more and more firmly until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you purposely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating, as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the eternity of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pains continue. Then the noise ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide:

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right!" Again the valve screeches and the air drones, the top of your head throbs, and you are shaken with in and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressures in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of "tube" like that you left behind.

How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it—none whatever—which is the trouble, for in case your heart is going to give out there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 5,760 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,760 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you, yet you do not feel this.

The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a road run over by a steam roller, and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge.

Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly natural. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the ears after bathing remains.

The noise of rumbling cars and scraping shovels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it and far off, not as if it came from your own mouth, but as if from ten feet behind; also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge makes no more noise than a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere were you to try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a fife you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volumes of smoke.

For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volumes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a lighted pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you to bring an empty corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure against the cork, unbalanced by pressure from within, would be so great that you would be unable to pull the stopper. These are a few instances of what you find when under forty pounds of pressure.

Cobez di Vaca explored the Gila river country in 1535 and reported that the natives were dressed in cotton garments.

THE NERVOUS MAN.

His Complaint and How the Noise Nuisance Was Remedied.

He was a nervous man, and he had just moved into a new boarding house. "Isn't there any way to stop those people across the street from having their coal delivered at 5 o'clock every morning? They seem to get about a dozen tons a day and to have it poured into the cellar at that unearthly hour."

"I don't see how I can very well control the neighbors," replied his landlady, "but I will see if anything can be done."

About ten days later the new boarder had occasion to thank her for her efforts.

"I'm glad you succeeded in having that noise stopped," he said. "It is a great relief to me. Have they got their coal all in or do they have it delivered at some other time?"

"Neither," said the landlady. "They deliver it every morning at 5 o'clock, just the same as usual."

"You don't mean—why—well, how do they get it down without making any sound?"

"They don't. It sounds just the same, but you have grown accustomed to it."

"I find it hard to believe that."

"Set your alarm clock at 5 for a few mornings and satisfy yourself. I've rented that room before."—New York Sun.

SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT.

His Horses, His Carriages and His Reserve Fund.

Townsend Percy, speculator and promoter, who made and lost more than one fortune in the course of his life, used to be fond of repeating some of his mother's witticisms at his expense, generally brought about by his extravagances during his periods of prosperity.

Once Percy had driven four-in-hand for a year, when an unfortunate deal made it necessary for him to reduce his expenditures and sell his horses, on which occasion she said to him:

"Townsend, don't you think it would be better to drive one horse four years instead of four horses one year?"

Another time, when on the verge of financial crash, Percy still owned a considerable stable and gave no outward sign of pecuniary embarrassment. His mother met an old friend of the family about this period, who congratulated her on her son's success in life. "I am glad that Townsend is doing so well," said the friend.

"Yes, indeed," remarked the old lady. "Townsend has six horses and seven carriages and \$8."—Harper's Weekly.

Except—

From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, should one say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words, "except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner there at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlady, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlady—Except the mayor.

The Stranger—Except nothing! As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined £10 for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in town, except the mayor."—Harper's Weekly.

Raising Poultry.

No matter when you start in the poultry business, remember that you should always start with the best. If you have not enough money to buy many fowls buy only a pair and get the best you can and remember further that next year's produce may not even be as good as those you start with. It takes years of experience to master the art of raising fine poultry, and it is only after we have successfully studied the problem well that we can successfully mate our fowls year after year and show a constant improvement at the end of each season. Begin in a small way and study every point and avoid the mistakes that we once made. Don't expect \$100 worth of poultry to bring you an income sufficient for your family. No investment will do that.—Farmer.

Simplicity.

I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as sad how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to every day, how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem he first frees the equation of all incumbrances and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth to see where your main roots run.—Thoreau.

Talking Gossip.

From the window she saw him coming up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully. There was a bit of ice on the top step for it was an early day in June. He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession.

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has fooled his approach!"—London Trib-une.

Besides Being a Man.

Little Sammy—What's your father, Willie? Little Willie—He's a man. Little Sammy—Oh, I mean what does he do for his bread and butter? Little Willie—He's an artichoke and draws houses.—London Express.

Occupation is one great source of enjoyment. No man properly occupied was ever miserable.—L. E. Landon.

The Phantom Train.

(Original.)

I was standing beside the railroad track on a desolate prairie of Manitoba waiting for a train. There was no station, no station agent, baggage agent—nothing, no one—on that dismal winter morning except myself, unsheltered, the wind driving the loose snow past me in sheets. I had twenty minutes to wait for the train, which I must flag myself. The engineer, however, in so sparsely a settled country would have no objection to stopping for the purpose of taking on a single passenger.

Half the time had elapsed when, bearing a footstep crunching on the snow behind me, I turned and saw a man approaching. As he neared me I noticed that he carried his right arm in a sling and had his overcoat buttoned at the throat over the arm. A felt hat was drawn down to cover his face, so that I would not see much of his features. When he came and stood beside me, looking up the track for the train, I saw that he had dark, sandy hair and a red beard, a rather unusual combination.

"Train on time, sir?" he asked.

"Don't know," I replied. "I don't fancy waiting long for it here."

The man seemed nervous. He cast a glance at me that made me uncomfortable. He was an ugly looking fellow, and if he were prepared to do so it would be an excellent place to murder and rob me, then hide my body in the snow and escape by the train when it came.

"I don't like the looks of this mist in the air," he remarked.

"Singular, isn't it? I don't know that I ever saw anything just like it before. Hello, there's the train coming!"

It sprang suddenly into sight without a sound to give us warning. I jumped off the track on which I was standing, then waved my handkerchief for it to stop, which it did, but some 200 feet before it reached us. Seizing my satchel, which I had set on the end of a tie, I ran up the track to get aboard, followed by the man who had joined me. But before we had covered a quarter of the distance the train disappeared as suddenly as if it were a ghost train run by ghost officials. I stared for a few moments at the place where it had been, then glanced at my companion. He was looking up the track with the most terrified expression I have ever seen on any man's face.

"Did you see it?" I asked.

He didn't hear me. He was muttering incoherently and acting in other respects like one demented. I tried to reassure him by telling him that we both were so anxious for the train to come that we had created it in our imaginations—a very lame explanation, by the way—but was unable to quiet him. Suddenly I saw him looking out over the snow with a new and heightened terror in his eye. I followed his direction, and there out on the prairie was the train running along as smoothly as if it were still on the rails.

So intense was my astonishment, so eerie the feeling the phantom train gave me, that I forgot my companion completely till, hearing a groan, I looked about and saw him lying writhing in the snow. This startled me, and I forgot the train in the responsibility of being out on a broad prairie with a man who might be in a death struggle. There was little I could do for him except get his head on my knee and, taking a flask from my satchel, pour a drink of whiskey down his throat. While he revived, he did not recover his head even twelve minutes later when the train—the real train—preceded by a rattling on the rails and the usual clatter, steamed up and at my signal stopped beside us. The conductor, standing on a platform, saw me beside the sick man and, jumping off, assisted me to get him aboard.

A number of persons were crowding around the invalid, gazing at him, when one of them, a trainman, exclaimed:

"It'll bet that's Dan Horgan!"

"Who's Dan Horgan?" I asked.

"One of the men who threw the train off the track two weeks ago, killing the engineer, fireman and several passengers. Then they robbed the express car. One of the gang is in jail, has turned state's evidence and named Horgan as their leader."

"But why do you suspect this man to be Horgan?"

"The informer has described him as having sandy hair and a red beard. Besides, he says that Horgan's right arm was shattered by a shot from the conductor. We've had the description on this train ever since it was circulated by the company ten days ago."

The invalid had not regained his head when we reached the next town, where the sheriff, advised by telegraph, entered the train and took him into custody. He did not know that he had been betrayed by his fright at the phantom train, which he doubtless supposed was the one he had wrecked coming back to haunt him. Had it not been for this he could easily have concealed his identity for the short distance he had intended to risk a ride.

I learned that the phantom train was due to the mirage not uncommon in Manitoba. When I saw it first stop it was at a station some eight or nine miles away. When I saw it a second time careering over the prairie it was coming from that station.

The man who's guilty conscience was moved by the steaming apparition to give himself away turned out to be indeed the leader of the band that had wrecked the train and thus committed murder.

F. A. MITCHEL.

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Makes the most delicious meal in the world, and the place to get it is Haspel's Meat Market.

Our Meat Market has a well established and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meats and for square dealing.

Northwest Corner Public Square

VIVALIA.

Oscar Brattain and Co's clover huller was in this vicinity last week hulling clover. It made a good yield to the acre.

Joe Boswell has moved in Wm. Boswell's house and Jim Carmichael in the house vacated by him.

Milton Wright is doing some carpenter work for Chas. Larjam. He has just completed a corn crib for Bob Gardner.

Eva Brattman, of Lena, visited Jack Nelson in this burg last week. He purchased some chabbage of Jack Nelson.

Columbus Wells and family visited Chas. Keyt Sunday.

Houck and Bond purchased some fat cattle of Columbus Wells, average 1,200 pounds per head.

The sale of Mr. Donham was largely attended. Things sold out of sight.

Otho Moore near Clinton Falls cut his leg badly while cutting logs for Mr. Barnaby. A log rolled out and pushed the saw in his leg cutting very badly, he will not be able to be out for some time.

Lizzie Payne called on Mrs. Stella Wells Thursday evening.

Columbus Wells and wife, C. Payne and family took dinner with Joe Boswell Sunday.

The Box Supper at No. 3 was largely attended and the proceeds will go for library books.

Ella Wells visited Otis Gardner Sunday.

Big crowd at Long Branch Sunday to hear Rev. Brewer preach.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

Engraved cards—script—at the Herald office. One hundred cards and a plate for \$1.50.

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WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing

Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

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Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

NOT GOOD PATIENTS.

Doctors Are Hard to Manage, Says a Trained Nurse.

"I suppose it is treason to my superior officer to say so, but doctors are certainly not easy patients to manage," remarked the trained nurse. "At least, this has always been my experience, and most nurses, you will find, agree with me in the matter. I have recently been nursing a physician through typhoid, and my experience with him was typical of the cases of the profession in general.

"Doctors know altogether too much for their own peace of mind, you see. Each new symptom is recognized, and if it is an unfavorable one, why, the patient's weakened condition usually leads him to lay great stress upon it. Then, since he has always been in a position to issue orders to the nurse, he cannot easily bring himself to take orders from her, and he is disposed to criticize and take exception to treatment which the ordinary patient receives as a matter of course.

"But perhaps the most troublesome thing of all is the mania which the doctor has for taking his temperature. If he has a moderately high fever and is allowed to use the thermometer as often as he wishes he can fret and worry over the result enough to send his temperature up materially. More than once rather than exasperate a physician patient by a refusal to let him have the thermometer and rather at the same time than let him know just how high his fever was I have dropped the instrument just as I was in the act of handing it to him. Of course I apologize for my carelessness at such times, and the regret really does not have to be all assumed, for I am at the expense of buying myself a new thermometer.

"At one time I had an inaccurate instrument, which never registered high enough, and I used to call it my doctor's thermometer. By a little dexterity I could substitute this for the one I actually used myself, and the encouragingly low temperature it would show would greatly please the patient."

—New York Times.

SHOWING OFF A GUEST.

The Innkeeper Was Determined Fessenden Should Appear.

One night while ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fessenden was on a political mission to the northern part of Maine he stopped at a small hotel.

In the center of the house was a big stove that warmed two rooms. In one of the apartments Judge Fessenden established himself and prepared to take proper comfort during the evening. Just as he had got well located with a book the landlord, a six foot French Canadian, came in.

"Excuse me, 'seir," said he, "but Mr. Ed Wiggonne of Maysville, she be in de odder room, an' she wan' to see Mr. Fessenden."

"Tell Mr. Wiggonne I'll be in a little later," said Judge Fessenden, turning another leaf in his book.

The landlord went out. He returned in a moment. "Mr. Wiggonne she send his compliments, an' she say dat she wan' Mr. Fessenden right away."

The interruption just at that moment rather nettled the Judge, who was in no way accustomed to dictatorialship. He sent back such a sharp reply that it was easily seen that the landlord was cut by his asperity. In just thirty seconds the landlord was back. Judge Fessenden raised his eyes to find the man staring at him with a look of desperate resolve. With suppressed excitement in his tones the tall landlord spoke.

"Mr. Wiggonne say she wan' see Mr. Fessenden quick, an' she gues' o' de house, an' I say she gon' to see him."

Fortwith the big landlord swooped down on the astonished gentleman, seized him, tucked him under his arm and strode across into the room of the peremptory gentleman from Maysville. "Mr. Wiggonne," calmly said the landlord, as matter of fact as though he had just delivered a pitcher of ice water, "here be Mr. Fessenden." He set the indignant "caller" down on a chair and retired smilingly.

Power of Imagination.

Illustrating the strange power of the imagination, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," tells this incident: A doctor he knew had found it necessary to give a patient for many evenings an injection of morphia to enable him to get some sleep. After awhile the doctor thought it advisable to stop the morphia, and for two nights his patient was unable to sleep, owing to great pain. On the third night the doctor, being still unwilling to administer morphia, injected plain water instead. The man slept perfectly and awoke in the morning with what is known as a morphia mouth.

Inopportune Advice.

Mrs. Ascum—Miss Crabbe is a member of your suffrage club, isn't she? Mrs. Gaddie—No, we had to expel her. We were discussing the servant girl question the other day and she had the impudence to say that if we only stayed at home and attended to business the servant question wouldn't bother us at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Sensitive.

Motorist Conoley—Reg pawdon, sub, but kin yo' infom me how many miles it am teh Jayville? The Farmer—Waal, as the crow flies.—Motorist Conoley—Doan' git pussional, sub, doan' git pussional!—Puck.

Gets It Weak.

Blinks—Does strong coffee keep you awake? Jinks—How do I know? I board.—Somerville Journal.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

TRAVELING STEERAGE

A Trip, Third Class, In a Modern Atlantic Liner.

PASSING THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

Each "Emigrant" Examined as He Boards the Vessel—The Meals and the Bill of Fare—The Bunks, the Bedding and the Washroom.

To be a real bona fide emigrant it is necessary to be very particular, for nowhere does etiquette abound as it does in the steerage of a ship. To begin with, never refer to "emigrants or steerage passengers;" talk always of "third class passengers." Then be careful to find some fault with every dish that is served. "The tea is too strong or too weak," "I never pay less than 60 cents a pound for mine at home," "I would not offer a beggar coffee like this," "I cannot touch soup," "I cannot eat beans, I have such a delicate digestion," "My doctor has forbidden me to touch bread, and I never eat anything but toast"—these are favorite and popular remarks.

It does not matter whether you have ever before had meat more than once a month, grumble you must. For what other purpose did you pay your \$30? Dress also is an important item. It is well to travel provided with a silk or lace blouse and a large white shawl. It is also customary to regret deeply that you have not traveled second class, as you at first intended doing. Of course all your friends think you are traveling second. Whatever would Amelia say if she knew the truth? Then it is a great pity that you have packed your fur coat away in the box in the hold, and it is inconsiderate of the steward not to let you get it out. And your beautiful blue silk dress with the pearl trimming!

I learned all this while traveling from London to New York as an ordinary emigrant, says a British writer.

The ship I crossed in carried between 600 and 700 third class passengers. As we board her in single file the ship's doctor dexterously turned our eyelids inside out to see whether we were in good health. Then came a long wait, the children crying pitifully and the women too tired to hush them, until at last we again passed in single file before the ship's officers. Then our tickets were taken, and we were at liberty to go to our cabins.

Soon after the bell was rung for dinner, followed by the arrival of the second and first class passengers, and at 4 p. m. we sailed away.

The food on board was plentiful and excellent of its kind. For breakfast, which was served at 7 a. m., we had tea and coffee, porridge and milk, a meat stew or fish, bread, butter—generally fresh—and jam and marmalade. At 10:30 beef tea could be had for the asking. For dinner, at 12 m., there were soup, meat with two vegetables, a milk pudding with some stewed fruit, and every other day a couple of oranges or apples each. For tea, at 5 o'clock, we had some kind of meat stew or sausages, potatoes, milk pudding with stewed fruit, bread, butter, cheese and tea. At 7 o'clock gruel was served and biscuits and cheese placed on the table.

Clean white tablecloths were laid for every meal, which, what with the rolling of the ship and the babies—who mostly ate, unprepared, with their hands—were absolutely necessary. The stewards—some sixteen in number—had clean linen jackets and aprons twice a day, and the cabins and passages were cleaned out and washed down twice a day.

It was the sight of my berth which gave me my first shock. I had read in the regulations that a bed and bedding were supplied, and I had pictured linen sheets and feather pillows. I found a hay mattress and pillow in a clean linen overall, a gray woolen blanket—and that was all. The hay is taken out and burnt at the end of each voyage.

The washing accommodations were perhaps the worst inconvenience. There was one large room, with rows of basins all round it. As a matter of fact very few of the passengers really minded. I was told that one line had once fitted up a bathroom in the steerage quarters of a vessel, but the bath had rusted away long before it was used. Steerage passengers also never want to undress. Not even the children are put to bed properly. There was one little chap of three in the cabin next to mine whose boots were not taken off from the day he left England to the day he landed in New York.

It was a particularly rough crossing for the time of year. Nearly everybody was ill, including the stewards, and the chaos that reigned for one day and a night was indescribable. Men, women and children simply lay under the hatchway in bunches, and when the ship rolled to one side they rolled, too, and when she lurched forward they rolled forward.

Perhaps it was because of the rough sea that the doctor became so popular. He was singularly kind and never minded being fetched at any hour of the day or night. He had something good for every ache and pain, and the children adored him. About the fourth day out we had to show our vaccination marks or be vaccinated again.

After seven days at sea we were told that the next morning we should be at New York. The girls put their hair in curlers, the women washed their babies, and the men had their boots cleaned. All that night nobody seemed to think of sleeping, and by 4 in the morning most of the emigrants had their luggage strapped up and were ready to land. At 4:30 there was a cry of "All on deck!" and on deck, breakfastless and cold, we had to go. One man who went up to have a wash was not allowed down to his berth again, and there he stood in the chilly dawn, with the rain pouring down, without coat or shirt.

For two hours we stood and shivered, watching the mail being taken off by a tug, while within a couple of hundred yards of us lay land. Presently a little, round, pompous looking tug steamed up, and a round, pompous looking man in a heavy fur coat stepped on board—the United States of America doctor for whom we had waited two long hours.

We marched past him, a long line of cold and shivering humanity, and then we had breakfast. Then we steamed into the New York harbor.

We stood, baggage in hand, all ready to be landed and taken over to Ellis Island, when suddenly the cry went round, "No steerage passengers landed today; perhaps tomorrow, perhaps not till next week. The dockmen are on strike!"

The sides of the steamer touched land, the noise of the street cars would be heard above the shouts of the workmen, but for all the chance of us walking on that land and using those cars we might as well have been in the middle of the Atlantic. That was the longest day I ever spent. To stay still and inactive while the life of a big city rolled past me—the minutes seemed hours and the hours days.

Playing.

To most people who have had a real childhood, not cramped by overwork, physical or mental, or starved by sorrows or filled with an intellectuality beyond their years, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is not far ahead, the children of Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" are real people, and "Peter Pan" is more than a delightful play. Lewis Carroll and Mr. Grahame and Mr. Barrie have all told the truth, because with real children things are always being "made believe" just a little different from what they actually are. Playing house is a big tree where your roof is made by broad leaves and where wide branches make your floor, your successive stories, your easy stairways; playing ship on a sofa or in an invalid's chair; playing street cars with chairs for horses and quarreling as to which child should be conductor and which driver—that was before the days of electricity; playing that you are a horse eating hay in your stall, "a real horse, you know," as a child said to me last summer; playing wild animals in the most gruesome places until you are paralyzed with terror and afraid of yourself in the dark; "making believe" in every instance that you are grown up or different from what you really are—that is a wonderfully rich life.—Louisa McCrady in Atlantic.

A Trifle Misleading.

When Lucy Seaver married William Edson and was able to have calling cards with "Mrs. William Edson" engraved upon them, she felt that life had no higher pride in store for her. She preserved this attitude through all the years of her married life.

When Mr. Edson died she was inconceivable, and even after several years of widowhood she hotly resented any indication that her friends had forgotten her lamented William for one moment.

"It makes me so angry," she said to one whom she suspected of carelessness in the matter, "to be spoken of or thought of as 'Mrs. Lucy Edson.' It is an insult to William's memory."

"Oh, I'm sure it's never meant for that," said the friend, hastily. "Only it's quite customary among certain people, you know, for a widow to take her Christian name—have letters addressed to her in that way—and so on."

"It will never be with me," said the widow, indignantly. "I prefer always to be known as the late Mrs. William Edson."

Fooling the Fox.

The expression "as cunning as a fox" has passed into the language, but, as is the case with most extra cute gentlemen, there are occasions when Master Reynard overreaches himself. Any visitor to the country who has ever examined a chicken house in the middle of a field has probably noticed two or three short pieces of chain hanging over the hole by which the fowls enter. Although they form no obstacle to the birds, who push their way in without the faintest difficulty, they will infallibly prevent a fox from raiding the house. The latter in his superior wisdom takes them to be a trap for his own capture, and although he may sit outside hungrily "licking his chops" nothing will induce him to put his head through the chains, truly a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Tragedy of Pride.

[Original.]

Don Rafael Alvarado, a wealthy citizen of Mexico, claimed descent from that Alvarado who made the famous leap across the break in the causeway when Cortez's army retreated from the capitol. Don Rafael's ancestors had acquired a large tract of land in ancient Tlascala, one of the Mexican provinces, and one of them at one time owned a gold mine. In Don Rafael's youth the family wealth had been very great, and wealth and ancestry are the father and mother of pride. The young man was brought up to consider no one in Mexico his equal, that Mexico was made especially for the Alvarados and that an Alvarado could not accept a favor or withhold one.

Don Rafael lived on his hacienda, a large estate that remained from the original grant of the king of Spain. From his walls the portraits of his ancestors looked down on him, all seeming to say the same words, "Remember that you are an Alvarado." Covering one end of the banquet room was a painting of the original Alvarado making the wonderful leap.

Don Rafael upon his accession to the property began to outdo any of his progenitors in splendor of living and hospitality. He had a sister, Dona Isabel, who was an especially attractive feature in his home. She attempted to check her brother in his extravagance, pointing out to him that those he was entertaining were bleeding him and at the rate he was proceeding he would soon have nothing left. But her warning was of no avail. Some of the guests taught their host gambling games, others borrowed money. Both methods were employed to impoverish him. Gradually his bank account melted away, his revenues became mortgaged, and at last ruin stared him in the face.

About this time came a very different sort of guest from the others. George Wallace, a young American of considerable means and a graduate of a school of mining engineering. He had gone to Mexico to examine a mine for some New York capitalists, with a view to keeping a lookout for other mines in which to make investments himself. He found a treasure of another kind, Dona Isabel, and straightway proceeded to fall in love with her. His love was returned, and Don Rafael, though he considered no one either in Mexico or the United States good enough to marry his sister, consented to the match.

Something troubled the girl, which did not escape the attention of her lover. He pressed her for it, and she at last confessed that her brother was financially in a desperate condition. After having tied up his resources he had mortgaged his hacienda, and the mortgage was about to be foreclosed. Wallace, actuated by love and natural noble impulses, went straight to Don Rafael, told him that he had that day received a large remittance from New York which he had drawn in gold and had upstairs in his room. The amount was sufficient to lift the mortgage, and Wallace offered to loan it to his host without security. The only condition he made was that Don Rafael should thereafter listen to the advice of his sister, dismiss the vamps who were preying upon him and endeavor to straighten his affairs.

Wallace did not doubt that the man he had offered to help would thankfully accede to his terms. He was disappointed. Don Rafael showed a thorough appreciation of the kindly interest that prompted the offer, but pride, the trait that dominated the Alvarados, prevented his accepting the loan.

"I owe you a world of thanks," he said, "but an Alvarado cannot accept a favor. What would these, my ancestors, think of me if I should accept money from my sister's lover?"

Wallace argued with him, pointing out to him the ruin that was about to fall upon him and its influence on his future life, all to no purpose. He could not break the man's pride. He was obliged to go to Dona Isabel and tell her that he had made the offer, but had failed to effect its acceptance.

That night Wallace was suddenly awakened from sleep by hearing a noise in his room as if some one had stumbled against a piece of furniture. He listened, but all was quiet. Matches were on a stand beside his bed, and he struck one. Its light revealed Don Rafael standing near the chamber door with a bag in his hand, which Wallace recognized as his property. It contained the gold he had offered his host—gold that pride had prevented him from accepting as a loan. He was now attempting to steal it.

By the brief burning of a match Wallace saw the thief, and Don Rafael knew that he had been detected. The match burned out, and before Wallace could light another Don Rafael rushed to the bed and plunged a dagger into his guest and benefactor's breast. Then Dona Isabel, bearing a light, rushed into the room, followed by others of the household. Throwing herself on the body of her lover, she cursed her brother as a murderer and a thief.

Alvarado fled, thinking that he had killed his guest and his sister's lover. Wallace recovered, and both he and Dona Isabel, whom he afterward married, tried to find him, but in vain. Alvarado turned bandit and under another name became the terror of Mexico. Finally he was killed, and his body was brought to his hacienda. Then for the first time his sister knew that the man she had often heard of as an outlaw was her brother.

Probably there is not another such example of family pride.

—GRACE ADA HOWE.

Warden's Home-Made Bread

New England Bakery

EAST SIDE SQUARE

Greencastle, Ind.

Phone 333

The Best COAL

AT

Cheapest Prices

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New Business Directory

of Putnam County, get your ads ready for the Directory as I will call for them. Box 247. Greencastle Ind.

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Rate to Families 25c
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Crystal Ice Co.

WE PRINT
SALE BILLS
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1906

North Bound	South Bound
1:23 am	2:13 pm
9:52 am	8:25 am
12:33 pm	2:20 pm
5:53 pm	5:20 pm

All trains run daily. J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

PURE
Manufactured ICE

We are prepared to serve our patrons with a good quality of manufactured ice every day.

CALL PHONE 257

GARDNER BROS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Sam Preston spent Sunday in town.

Chas. Barnaby was in Terre Haute this afternoon.

Fred Rice, of Roachdale, was here to spend Sunday.

Paul Doddridge is in town visiting college friends.

Felix McWhirter visited with friends over Sunday.

Miss Lenni Burner came home for Sunday with her mother.

Miss Lenni Burner, of Brazil, visited home folks here over Sunday.

Charles Moorish has returned from a visit with relatives in Brazil.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Wise, of Metuchen, N. J. are visiting friends here.

Mr. J. T. Welch returned yesterday from Barnard where he has been visiting his son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harsbarger and daughter, of Ladoga, spent Sunday with Dr. Bence and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graham have returned to Indianapolis, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Park Graham.

Andrew Lockridge, who has been here for a few days visit with his parents, left today at noon for Chicago.

Mrs. Jackson Boyd was called to Logansport today on account of the serious illness of her cousin, Arthur Cullen. Mr. Cullen is a prominent musician and was with Wallace's show which was here two years ago.

James Burkett spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Owen Black was in Indianapolis Saturday night.

W. A. Divon, of near Roachdale, was in town today.

Miss Nellie Funican, of Reelsville, spent Saturday here.

Mrs. Albert Burnside is in Indianapolis visiting friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson entertain a party of friends tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Wise went to Crawfordsville for the game today.

Willard Gough, of Fincastle, is the guest of Court Gillen and family today.

The Penelope club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Chas. Leutke.

Chas. Preston and wife have returned to their home in Monticello after being in town for a few days.

Miss Julia Preston, of Chalmers, who was called here by the death of her aunt, Mrs. Day, has returned.

Miss Jessie Burkett went to Anderson yesterday where she will attend the wedding of Miss Catherine VanMeter.

Harold Sutherland was here from Indianapolis to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sutherland.

J. Parker Wise, Felix McWhirter, Paul Doddridge and Chas. Preston attended D. K. E. initiation Saturday night.

Mrs. J. L. Randel will entertain the Progress History club tomorrow afternoon at her home on east Washington street.

Rev. William Sunday, of Chicago, is expected tomorrow to visit his daughter, Miss Helen Sunday, of the University.

Miss Margaret Tribolet, of Bluffton, who has been visiting Theta sisters for the last week, has returned to her home.

The members of the Degree Staff of Rebecca Lodge are requested to meet at Odd Fellows Hall this evening at 8 o'clock.

The Woman's Missionary Society of College Avenue church will meet with Mrs. O. H. Smith on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Tim Murphy, sr., fell yesterday at his home and tore the ligaments of his right knee-joint. Dr. Bence was called to attend the injury.

Mrs. J. Sawin, of Mattoon arrived this afternoon for a days visit with Mrs. Marion Hurst. The two women were girlhood friends together.

Do you want a "Bed Feller"

If so call at the

BIG DRUG HOUSE

Buy a hot water bottle. They are dandy on these cold nights. Will warm those cold feet; relieve the toothache or neuralgia and are indispensable in cases of cramps.

A Household Necessity

We carry a large line. Call in and look them over.

BADGER & GREEN

Miss Josie Weible, of Bedford, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Art Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kean have bought a lot in Frankfort where they will build and move this spring.

John Morris, jr., will return to Keokuk, Iowa, Wednesday, after spending a few weeks with his grandmother, Mrs. Anna Morris.

The Missionary society of the Baptist church will meet with Miss Mary Enman at her home on south Locust street Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles Meltzer, her guest, Mrs. Kate Bush, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., Mrs. W. L. Denman and Mrs. D. W. Riggs, spent the day with friends near Fillmore.

Today was the last day for the payment of taxes, and a goodly number of people were in the treasurer's office much of the day waiting their turn at the window.

Miss Crethe Childs, Miss Druly and Mrs. C. T. Zaring attended the matinee at Indianapolis Saturday.

Mrs. Zaring remained in Indianapolis to visit her sister.

Over the Tea Cups club will meet with Mrs. O. F. Overstreet on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. W. F. Swahlen will talk to the members on What She saw on Her Trip Abroad.

Prosecutor Hughes went to Brazil today to conduct the prosecution in the case of Mary Glasgo, charged with the murder of her husband. The case promises to be a very interesting one.

The fortnightly club will meet tonight at 7 o'clock with Mrs. Kenneth Peck and Mrs. Benjamin Curtis at the home of the former. The book for discussion is the "Weavers," by Gilbert Parker. The leader will be Mrs. Abrams.

Oscar Wilson of Floyd township suffered a painful and serious accident last Thursday. While playing shinny he was struck on the left leg with a shinny club and both bones were broken. He is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Circuit Attorney Sager, of St. Louis, is again in the lime light for dismissing a criminal case against an alderman for alleged boozing. St. Louis is much excited over it. Sager is remembered here as the coach of one of the most successful football teams DePauw ever had.

Among those who went to Crawfordsville for the DePauw-Wabash Game were W. W. Jones, Chas. Zeis, John Cannon, Frank Gilmore, C. N. McWethy, Reese Matson, Col. C. C. Matson, Lon Jacobs, Will Lockridge, and Dr. Hutcheson. Of the faculty, Dr. Hughes and Dr. and Mrs. Seaman were in evidence.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Jamestown Ter. Centennial Expedition, Tickets on sale, April 19 to Nov. 30.

and 3rd Tuesdays each month. Season tickets, \$27.80, sixty day, \$24.25, fifteen day \$20.25, ten day tickets on sale each Tuesday, \$14.75

Numerous concessions in way of stop offs and variable routes can be obtained.

Homeseeekers excursions to West and Southern States, on sale 1st

J. A. Michael, Agt.

THEY INSPECT THE JAIL

County Board of Charities Make Examination of the County Jail and Will Report Condition to County Commissioners.

The County Board of Charities made their annual inspection of the jail this afternoon. The board is composed of the following members: Miss Ames, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Bence, W. B. Vestal and J. S. Hoagland. Dr. Hoagland could not go with the board this afternoon, but the other members went through the jail and will formulate a report of its condition and needs for the Commissioners court. The inspection is rather formal than otherwise, as the board do not expect to find anything that will need to be reported upon adversely. The commissioners will, however, be asked to remedy any lack in the equipment or condition of the building.

IS A DRY COLLEGE TOWN

Bloomington Smothers Out Would-be Saloons with a Blanket Remonstrance, Leaving City Dry for Two Years.

Bloomington is to remain a dry town for two years longer. Last night the temperance forces filed a blanket remonstrance covering the First Ward, containing 408 names, of 102 majority against the granting of license. The saloon men or liquor forces filed a withdrawal petition of 68 names, 35 of this number, it developed had never signed the remonstrance.

The victory of the temperance forces was overwhelming, they virtually sweeping the ground from under the liquor element. Thus ends one of the most bitter contests ever waged in Bloomington. Bedford Mail.

It will be necessary for me to have a week's notice in order to deliver a ton or more of coal at contract price during the winter.

Riley & Co., Phone 61.

NOTICE TO COAL CONSUMERS

It will be necessary for me to have a week's notice in order to deliver a ton or more of coal at contract price during the winter.

Riley & Co., Phone 61.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

D. K. E. initiated Saturday night.

Ray Whyte spent Sunday in Crawfordsville.

Parker Wise visited Deke brothers Saturday and Sunday.

Carol Pinney, of Wantah, is visiting Greencastle friends.

Miss May Barnett spent Sunday at her home in Worthington.

Jess Hollaway, of Cloverdale visited Deke brothers Sunday.

Miss Grace Rhodes visited at her home in Shelbyville Sunday.

"Dill" Dedridge, of Vincennes visited Deke brothers yesterday.

Miss Elnora Scott, of Oxford Seminary, is visiting Miss Darnell.

Felix McWhirter, of Indianapolis, visited Deke brothers yesterday.

George Swagler, of Indianapolis, visited Beta brothers yesterday.

Miss Adeline Barnett was at her home in Danville yesterday.

Oscar Lucas, of Cloverdale, spent Sunday with Sigma Nu brothers.

Miss Julia Day and Miss Mary French are in Indianapolis today.

Miss Leone Spitzer was a guest at Miss Blanche Stillson's at Indianapolis over Sunday.

Mr. D. J. Atkinson, of Cain, visited Mr. Manning at the Delta Tau house yesterday.

Miss Maude Spade, of Portland, is visiting her sister, Miss Ethel Spade at the Theta house.

Irwin C. Pooley is recovering from an attack of grippe and expects to attend school tomorrow.

Harry Ridding accompanied Otis Martin to his charge near Crawfordsville Sunday.

Miss Grace Murphy has returned

to her home in Greencastle after a visit with Delta Alpha sisters.

Miss Agnes Stunn has been called to her home in Silverwood, by the death of an aunt.

Miss Grace Nesbitt has returned to her home in Sullivan after a visit with Delta Alpha sisters.

Miss Margaret Miller, who has been visiting Delta Alpha sisters returned to Greencastle today.

Miss Grace Wilson spent Sunday with Miss Nell Hawthorn at the Alpha Phi house.

The Alpha Phi's will give an "at home" today to the faculty and to the ladies of the city. About 150 friends have been invited.

Each team will play every other team twice during this term. Then the two teams having the highest percentage will play three games in the second term to decide the championship.

The captains and managers of the various "class" basketball teams met at the Phi Kappa Psi house this morning to arrange a schedule for the class games. All men are allowed to play excepting those who have "D's." When this year's varsity team is picked, however, the varsity eight, if any are playing on class teams, will be taken out.

THE PENGUIN.

Comically Serious In Mating—Its Wicked Flippers.

It is probable that penguins pair for life, although nothing definite is known on the subject. When mates are chosen the process is as interesting as it is striking. As is the case with so many creatures, the males fight with each other for the females, might being right in the penguin code. The birds have regular fighting places, and one such battleground was found under an overhanging ledge. The results of innumerable encounters were present in the shape of great quantities of loose feathers surrounding the little fighting ring, which itself was clear of all debris. Although the beak of a penguin is so formidable a weapon when used on thin skinned enemies, yet their own skin and blubber are so resistant that they can inflict no injury by this means. The customary mode of fighting is really a kind of boxing, or "dipping," it might be called. The two combatants proceed to the fighting place and then walk cautiously about each other, jockeying for an opening and ready to take instant advantage of a false step or move on the part of the opponent. All, however, is solemn and decorous, consistent with the rest of the life of these strange little beings.

When at last each secures a good grip on the neck or body of the opponent the real fighting begins. As nine-tenths of the life of penguins is spent on the open sea, where they pursue and capture fish, swimming with great swiftness by strokes of the flipperlike wings, it can well be imagined that the strength of their wings is very great, and when the two fighters begin to belabor each other with rapidly vibrating flipper strokes each resounding whack must make a considerable impression even on the protecting coat of blubber fat. No one has ever recorded the finish of such an encounter, but it is not probable that they result fatally. The weaker of the two must soon succumb under such severe punishment and yield the field and the fair penguin mate to his stronger rival. The strength of the wing strokes can be tested by allowing a penguin to take hold of one's coat sleeves or, better, the back of the hand. The third or fourth stroke will draw blood, and one is soon fully satisfied as to the penguin's ability in this respect. The tough skin and the loose, rolling blubber beneath, besides breaking a fall and protecting the bird from the icy waters in which it lives, sometimes subserve another most important purpose.—New York Tribune.

His Luck.

Cynicus—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls. Silicus—Always been unlucky in love, eh? Cynicus—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them.—Philadelphia Record.

An African fat used for domestic purposes is the oil of a species of beetle. It is like hardened coconut oil.

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it.

Banner Skating Rink
Open each Afternoon and Night

SKATING HOURS: Afternoon, 2:00 to 5:00; nights, 7:30 to 10:00

ADMISSION: Gentlemen 10c; Ladies free.

Skates 15 cents.

ERNEST WRIGHT

FRED GLORE

R. J. GILLESPIE
Undertaker

Calls Promptly Attended to Day or Night
Office Phone, 335; Home Phone, 303

THE PERFECT LIKENESS.

A Snuffbox, a Portrait and a Surprised Monarch.

It is related of Frederick II., king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden snuffbox to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the underside of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the snuffbox to the city and gave him instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out and a portrait of the king put in its place.

A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuffbox and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have received such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amusement at the count's expense, mentioned to the Duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid and, looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming! It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen!"

She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuffbox, felt exceedingly embarrassed and scarcely knew what to make of the incident, but at last the snuffbox, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.

The Music Critic.

At the risk of making this an apology as well as a confession I venture to express the hope that I may some day have the means to enjoy the best music without need of telling three hundred thousand or more readers why; whether Carbond had tears in his voice; how Mme. Sembrich-Eames looked and acted; whether the second soprano was off key; the basso dependent upon the prompter; the conductor too fast or too slow, according to actual stop watch and metronome; how the lights were managed; whether the audience was large and appreciative or otherwise and whether the music was good, bad, indifferent and why.—Atlantic.

Left Handed Praise.

"I don't seem to hear so many compliments on my last poem," said the poetess, "as on its illustration. 'You just ought to see it!' they exclaim. 'It is so beautiful!'"

"It's the same way with me," put in the artist. "They come and stand before my pictures and sigh and say, 'Oh, what lovely frames you have!'"—New York Press.

Domestic Bliss.

Nagger—I've put one poor fellow on his feet anyway. Mrs. Nagger—Whom have you been fooling your money away on now? Nagger—Your next husband, madam. I've had my life insured.—London Answers.

Public Sale

We will sell at Public auction at the Newgent residence on the Brackenridge farm, 3 miles west of Morton and 5 miles east of Hollansburg on the Danville and Rockville gravel road on Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1907, the following described live stock and property, to wit:

Six head of horses: 1 black mare 4 year old—sired by Burk's coach horse. An extra good mare. 1 3-year-old gelding—sired by the same as above—Broke to harness and a fine single driver. 1 2-year-old black gelding—same sire as above, 1 suckling colt, 1 pony.

Cattle 35 head: 1 roan short horn cow—registered, 1 red short horn cow with calf, 1 Jersey—extra good milk cow, 1 cow and calf, 6 suckling calves, 4 1-year-old heifer calves weighing about 800 pounds, 12 2-year-old Herford steers, 4 1-year-old steers.

Sheep 170 head: 30 1-year-old black face ewes, 35 two to three years—old black face ewes, 50 4-year-old ewes, 10 ewe lambs, 4 1 to 4-year-old bucks, 40 fat lambs.

Hogs: 6 Duroc Jersey guilts, registered—weight about 260, 4 Poland China sows 1-year-old, 12 shoats—weight near 100, 8 shoats—weight near 150, 1 registered Poland China boar 1-year-old, 1 registered Duroc boar—an extra good one.

Farming Implements: 1 Jones mower, 1 Dever harrows, 1 disc harrow, 1 hay tedder, 1 hog rack.

Grain: About 500 bushels corn, about 6 tons of good timothy hay. Other articles too numerous to mention.

WARREN NEWGENT,
CLARENCE SIGLER.

Col. J. R. Burks,
Joseph Allen, Auctioneers.
John McCabe, Clerk.

Sale begins at 10 o'clock sharp.
Dinner served by the ladies of the M. E. Church.

OUR WANT COLUMN

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

Furnished Rooms for Rent—With or without board. Mrs. R. B. Bickel, 209 Olive street. 6182

For Sale—Some house furnishings in good condition. Among them a handsome old sideboard, also a lawn tennis net. Call at 620 east Anderson. 6182

Board—Bessie E. Stoker has opened dining room of the Blake Hotel and is prepared to furnish board by the meal or week. 6182

Wanted at Once—Young man or girl to do reportorial work on the Herald. Apply at office at once.

You get results when you advertise in the Herald.

The Best Bargain

In reading matter that your money can buy is your local paper. It keeps you posted on the doings of the community.

This Paper

will tell you the things you want to know in an entertaining way; will give you all the news of the community; its every visit will prove a pleasure; it gives more than full value for the price asked for it.

Home-Maed Candies

Always Fresh
THE KIND THE GREEK MAKES

The Palace Restaurant
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

Stoves Stoves Stoves

Winter is near. You should buy your stove at once. Buy it now. Come to this store and see our lot of heaters and ranges. They are of the best makes and our

PRICES ARE RIGHT

J. H. HAMILTON HARDWARE STORE

Northwest Corner.
Square

